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REV. MR. PARKER'S SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL OF

Mrs. Sarah B. Carpenter,



Departed saints—where are they?

A SERMON

PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL OF

Mrs. Sarah B. Carpenter,

WIFE OF REV. E. G. CARPENTER,

AT DEXTER, ME., SEPTEMBER 28, 1853.

BY WOOSTER PARKER,

Pastor of Congregational Church of Foxcroft and Dover.

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Sermon.

JOB 14 : 10. But man dieth and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he ?

THE writer is here speaking of the shortness of human life.—“Man that is born of woman is of few days—he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.” The text speaks of the end of man’s earthly existence in the body. Not referring at all to the immortality of the soul, it simply declares that he “giveth up the ghost,”—he *dies* ; and that, as regards his bodily, earthly existence, is his end. There may be hope of a tree “if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.” But when man dies, a final end is put to his earthly being. When death has passed upon him, the hand never moves, the eye never sees, the tongue speaks never again ; and the body, a noble and a wonderful structure, crumbles to pieces, and mingles with its kindred dust in the grave.

The Bible speaks, and we are accustomed to speak, of the saints—those who have experienced the “washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost,” and become the children of God by adoption—as a distinct class of persons, peculiar in their character, in their hopes, and future destination. To these, as a class of persons peculiar and distinct, my thoughts are now turned. Though, as to their body, they die, where are their spirits ? The soul is immortal. All the essential elements of the moral man live on and

live forever. And when we carry out the lifeless bodies of the saints and lay them in the grave, with reference to the undying spirit, we ask, WHERE ARE THEY? When death has closed their eyes, and stopped the beating of the pulse and the heaving of the breast, where are their spirits? *Whither do they go? How do they exist? What contributes to their bliss?*

There may be need of guarding ourselves against vain imaginings, and idle speculations; but the Scriptures, it is believed, authorize us in asserting that,

I. They pass immediately into glory—into heaven, the residence of angels and glorified spirits.

Let it be granted, that as regards heaven, the most essential thing is a state of mind prepared for its bliss; still, we must conceive of heaven not merely as a state, but also as a *place*. True, as to its locality, we can say or know but little; and yet, when we speak of inhabitants, we think of a habitation; when we speak of a household, we think of a house. And so as the Bible speaks of a heavenly family, it turns our thoughts at once to a heavenly *place*, “a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Sure we are, there is *society* in heaven; and we can but think the holy inhabitants are brought together in a glorious city—that God’s spiritual family are gathered into a house and a home worthy of their Father, and the joyful subjects of his kingdom into a temple and a mansion worthy of one who is king in this glorious realm.

We can by no means believe that, after death, the soul sleeps, or lives in a quiescent state, till the resurrection and the judgment: for *first*, the soul is not dependent upon the body for its existence and activity. This is shown in the case of Paul when he was “caught up into Paradise,” where he saw and heard what was not

lawful or not possible for him to utter, and when he could not tell "whether he was in the body or out of the body." Many other historical facts seem to teach the same thing, which need not here be adduced. And *secondly*, the scriptures represent the soul of the saint as passing immediately to heaven at death. The instance when Lazarus is represented as being carried to Abraham's bosom, might be adduced as indicating this. The statement of the apostle when he says, "for me to die is gain," might be urged, and also his language where he speaks of being "absent from the body" and "present with the Lord." It seems to have been the confident expectation of dying saints and martyrs, that they were to pass immediately into heaven. This joyful confidence found utterance in the language of Stephen, when he prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."—But the explicit declaration of Christ to the dying malefactor, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," seems to place this matter beyond all uncertainty or doubt. Proof of this fact, however, need not be adduced. It is the settled and undoubting belief of God's people, that at death, saints pass immediately into heaven.

But what are their feelings *in the passage*, while they are passing from this world to that: or what are their first discoveries and their first impressions, as they pass inside the veil separating time from eternity and earth from heaven, we cannot fully know. We think their state of mind, in dying, must be various. In some instances, various degrees of spiritual peace, invisible measures of divine support are put into the bitterest cup of pains, when the functions of life resist and contend to the last, when the struggle is terrible, and the unutterable agony continues to the last gasp, and the soul finally makes its glad escape amidst the surging billows which break the strong hold of the body on life. In other cases, the pains

of dying, the bitterness of death seem past sometime before death fully comes, and the spirit takes its flight. In some instances of this kind, while the eye is being placidly composed into its final sleep, and while the fluttering pulse and the heaving breath are settling—like the lulling ocean when the storm is past—we have evidence of most peaceful and delighted activity of mind. The spirit is not gone, it has not quite left the body and earth, but it has passed on so far through the dark valley of death, that light from another world strikes the vision of the traveller, and breezes from the hills of heaven fan him. This point in the soul's final passage from earth to heaven seems like Bunyan's "land of Beulah," a little sweet island out in that dark sea, beyond the fretting of the surf and the rolling of the waves, on which the passing spirit stops a little, where it can look to either shore—back to earth, and on to heaven.

This is not a matter of mere pious fancy. It has often been fact. Not a few have touched there in their final passage. At that place, out beyond all the waves, and darkness, and gloom of the river of death, where the celestial city loomed up in sight, many a saint has stopped, and swung back again, and as life was revived a little, has spoken of the opening glories beyond. Some, standing there, when the tongue could no longer speak, nor the eye see, by a gentle pressure of the hand have indicated that Jesus and heavenly messengers had met them. In that place, and by some signal, they have told us that the glory of heaven and the melodies of heaven were opening upon their enraptured souls. There and thus, some have bidden us and earth farewell, and gone to heaven. We cannot doubt that, at death, the saints pass immediately into heaven.

II. There they are to live in *glorified bodies*.

It may not be safe to assert this as true of them before the gen-

eral resurrection. Still, as we must believe heaven to be a locality, a place, it is difficult for us to conceive of the souls of the saints existing literally without forms; especially as we know that Christ ascended bodily, and Enoch and Elijah were translated in their bodies, and Moses and Elias, it must be presumed, appeared on the mount of transfiguration in forms such as they wore on earth. These facts, to mention no other considerations, almost force us to believe that, even before the resurrection, the saints may be invested with etherial forms.

It is reasonable to suppose that the angels may have material forms—though far from being composed of such gross matter as we are acquainted with—and we must believe that something (whether we call it *form* or not) will pertain to the saints, by which they will be distinguishable one from another, Abraham from David, and David from Paul, and Paul from one of our own associates who has just left this world.

But after the resurrection, it is safe to assert, the saints will live in spiritual bodies. Not in bodies like these of ours indeed, for “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;” and yet, in forms so far resembling these, that we may be distinguishable, and so that it is not improper to speak of *our* bodies being raised. We are familiar with matter here only in its coarsest and grossest forms. How it may be refined, how etherial it is, when tempered into the spiritual bodies of the saints inhabiting heaven, we can but poorly conceive. A weak, gross, aching frame, with frailest organs, and perhaps of burning fibres and writhing nerves, and this almost the master of the soul, is our present idea of the body of the saints. What their spiritual body shall be, raised in power, and glory, and immortality, and made truly the aid and servant of the soul, we are quite unable to understand. On this point we can hardly imagine anything, and must be contented to be ignorant.

Indeed, very imperfect ideas at best can we have of heaven as a place. Where it is we know not. Our ideas of location and distance are like the ideas of infancy. The terms we use are all comparative and weak. We have no starting point, nothing to measure from. We have no compass to point beyond the present things of visible creation, and by our wretched inch of line we cannot measure immensity. Some think the place, which is to be heaven, is yet to be created: others, that this earth is to be purified and refitted for that purpose. Another supposition which claims a share of plausibility if not of probability, is that of Dr. Dick, in his philosophy of a future state. That theory is substantially this. As it is supposed that all the planets and systems in the universe revolve round one common centre, that centre being what we call the sun, which is some five hundred times larger than all the other systems and worlds in the universe,—that common centre, the sun—around which all planets, worlds and systems have revolved since creation—may be the “glorious high throne,” and heaven of God. Certainly this is a most magnificent idea, a conception of most transcendent sublimity. And yet, this is a point on which we can know very little. We must be content to leave it to God’s infinite wisdom and power.

Still less, or as little certainly, can we know as to the bodies of the happy inhabitants of that glorious world. But while we know the Bible exhausts all images of grandeur and beauty in describing that eternal city, whose gates are pearl, whose walls are jasper, whose pavements are gold, and which is lighted by the glory of God, we know also that the Bible declares that the body of the saints, who are to inhabit that place of splendors, shall be raised in incorruption, in power, and glory, a spiritual body; so that “as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall bear the image of

the heavenly.” Here the body is too often the oppressor of the soul, warring against it, clogging, corrupting, degrading it. There it shall be its servant, the aid and the medium of its bliss. Often “we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened;” but there,

“ Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.”

III. In heaven the society and employments of the saints will be most blissful.

None of the inhabitants shall there say, “I am sick.” No selfishness, or sin, or suffering shall be known there. “And there shall be no more curse.” All the inhabitants will be pure, and all congenial spirits. Love will pervade every soul: love will control every power; love will pour its tide of bliss through all the place. Everything there shall be fitted to please; everything that shall be seen and heard, shall charm. All the scenery, and all the society shall lend a splendor and glory to the place. And all the employment too. Mind will not then doze away the rolling ages, nor tire with a dull monotonous life; but, quickened to delighted and immortal activity, it shall soar up in light and bliss, in a tireless and endless career.

Finally, we hope, and as fondly we believe in heavenly recognition. If we shall reach that world of light ourselves, we hope to know and make the acquaintance of the venerable patriarchs, and the people of Israel,—we hope to be introduced to the chiefest apostle, and to him who leaned on Jesus’ bosom, that “beloved disciple,”—we expect to commune with many of those honored ones who have preached the name of Jesus and gone up, some from the

highest altars of Zion and some from the flames of martyrdom, to their crowns. And in that living temple, and in some of the golden streets of that city, we expect to meet and recognize and talk with many, with whom we have hoped, and talked, and prayed, and sung in this earthly pilgrimage. And then and there, as every clog and hindrance will be removed, bliss without alloy will be continued and increased by endless progress in knowledge. The utmost we can know here is but as the knowledge of prattling infancy; there, to our maturer and maturing minds, a volume of infinite mysteries will be opened. To explore, to comprehend, with admiration and joy, the consummation of God's stupendous plan, the wonders of his boundless kingdom, will employ a whole delighted eternity. God, in the mysteries and harmonies of creation, where the mind may sweep through the whole range of his wisdom and power, from the lowest and simplest things created up to the highest, from the drop of water, or the smallest seed, in which may be found millions of symmetrical gradations of organized life, up to the countless worlds and orbs that roll in unmeasured space, teeming with equal wonders, and with intellectual and moral beings lofty in rank as archangels and seraphs. God, in the exact and all-pervading harmonies of a controlling providence,—God in all, through all and over all,—God, in the deeper mysteries of redemption by grace, will open a field, in which the ransomed mind may eternally expand and eternally range.

To that bright world our thoughts turn as the residence of the saints, as their glorious and final home, when their course on earth is finished.

“ Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more.

No clouds those blissful regions know,
 Realms ever bright and fair !
 For sin, the source of mortal wo,
 Can never enter there."

Two closing thoughts I wish to add.

1. Saints are supported and peaceful in death.

The religion of the gospel is adapted to give peace in death, to soothe and support the soul, when the tenderest and strongest earthly ties are broken, and when it goes into its last conflict and to its final account. And facts have abundantly verified its gracious promises and power. A venerable minister of the gospel,* makes a statement substantially this:—For nearly forty years he had been familiar with scenes of sickness and death among all classes; and he could call to mind no one instance in which an irreligious man had died in *peace*. He had seen men die *courageously*. He had seen them die stupidly, in indifference as to their characters as sinners and to futurity. He had seen them come to their end in that insensibility produced by the langor of disease, and in the sorrow of hopeless disappointment, and in ripened unbelief and utter hardness of heart. But *peacefully* he had seen no such person die.

Like his have been the observation and experience of other gospel ministers; while Christians, in full possession of their reason, have been known to die divinely supported and peacefully in a thousand thousand cases.

True, it is not always so. The Christian may die suddenly, and have no time for thought; he may die in mental debility or derangement; he may indeed die when his lamp is not trimmed and burning, he may pass away under the cloud and the hidings of

* Dr. Spring, in his "Bible not of man," p. 143.

God's countenance. But such is not the general fact. Fearful they often have been, lest they should not be able to die peacefully, as so many have before them; but usually, as they approach the final struggle, their faith is strengthened and confirmed; and as they come actually to enter the dark passage, they go down into the cold flood peaceful—often joyful, assured that Christ is with them, and that they shall soon stand victorious on the shore of the heavenly Canaan. Such facts have carried conviction of the validity and power of the religion of Christ to many a careless observer. This solemn testimony has been borne in some of these houses; and some present here to-day may have been constrained to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

2. Departed saints have more or less knowledge of what transpires here on earth.

How particular and extensive that knowledge is we cannot say. But it must be, that they remember what they experienced, and the scenes they passed through while here below. Memory does not die. They must remember the places and the friends with which they were familiar here; and there it may be seen, that these places and facts of earthly experience are matters of deep interest and importance. But besides their own experience and recollections, knowledge of what transpires here may be communicated to them. The angels are God's messengers; so that by them, as "ministering spirits," ascending and descending, the manifold wisdom of God is known unto "principalities and powers in heavenly places." There is knowledge of the fact, and "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." And the spirits of the just mingle with the rejoicing host of angels, and by them they may come to know this fact, and so perhaps others also.

And besides the knowledge that may come to them through lines of angelic *express*, the saints are constantly leaving this world for that. And who can say, that no knowledge can be communicated to one who left her place in this church and exchanged its prayers and praises for heaven one year ago—who shall say that no knowledge can be transmitted to such an one, by another of our number who left us for heaven six months later, or since our last communion season? It is safe to say this, and this must suffice, that there is a tender sympathy between the church in heaven and the church on earth. Angels and the redeemed there feel the deepest interest in the welfare of the saints here below. And when the Christian's work is done, and he lies down to die, he feels that heaven is nigh, nigh indeed. Only a veil seems to part him from that world of bliss: nor is it strange that his spirit stands joyfully ready and wishing to depart. And when the ministering angel in charge gives the signal, which is invisible to all others but him,—when his summons comes—peacefully bidding adieu to all earthly friends and earthly scenes, he drops the body, as Elijah did his mantle, and passes to glory. Such may your death be, and such may mine.

Mrs. Carpenter was endowed with decidedly good powers of mind. Her perceptions of truth were quick and clear. She adhered to well formed opinions firmly, and acted upon conscientious convictions of duty unhesitatingly. She was honest and frank, perfectly abhorring all appearances of excellence, and all pretensions to generosity or piety, where the substance was not found. For some twenty years she was a public professor of religion, and she gave good evidence that she was truly what she professed to be, a regenerated sinner. A large part of her time for a long course of years, sickness and suffering were her lot. Partly to this fact it is doubtless to be attributed that she was much in darkness and doubt

as to her spiritual state, fearing often that she was not truly a child of God, and that she should come to her dying hour in darkness and despair. She seized hold of the great distinguishing doctrines of evangelical religion, as truths as precious to her soul as they are divinely true. Her confidence in these, as glorious and vital realities, never to be concealed, and never to be compromised, never wavered. Their truth and power and preciousness were verified in her own experience. She loved them in life; she loved them, and was supported by them in death.

The grace of her heavenly Father not only sustained her in her severe and long continued bodily sufferings, but made them serviceable to her. For the last months of her life, she seemed more than supported by her Saviour. Her soul was brought to the enjoyment of peace and assurance of hope. She seemed lifted above doubts and fears, into the calm and peaceful sunshine of God's love. She could not only be submissive, but happy in prospect of death. Her fears were scattered, the clouds lifted up, and her sun went peacefully down, and her soul joyfully to its heavenly rest. She left her dying testimony, most solemnly and repeatedly uttered, that the doctrines she had believed were true, and that the Saviour in whose mercy she had hoped was her all-sufficient friend and her eternal portion.

In a case like this—when one has given clear evidence of being truly a child of God, and when the individual has exchanged a bed of pain, for a home and a crown in heaven, we hardly know which is most befitting, mourning or praise. Well may sorrow be mitigated and tears stayed as we feel constrained to render thanks to God that he has prepared *a rest* for his people in heaven.

To that God who orders all our toils and trials on earth, who mingles our cup of pleasures and pains, and allots us our joys and

sorrows, as is wisest and best, doing all things well, and who is well styled the God of *comfort* and the God of *consolation*—to that kind and gracious Father allow me to commend you, my brother, and all this circle of afflicted friends in this day of your visitation. May He bless you.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE

TO A

SAINTED WIFE,

DEDICATED TO

FAMILY AND PERSONAL FRIENDS.



Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and *speaking eye*,
Lovelier, in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Bryant's Future Life.

NOTE. The following sketch has been prepared amidst the pressure of pastoral labors, to pay a debt of love to a devoted wife, and to her family friends, whose unnumbered expressions of friendship and sympathy for the past twenty years, it gives me pleasure to acknowledge; and who are none the less endeared to me, now that the outward link that bound me to their family circle is broken. A more willing tribute to departed worth, could not have been paid, though a better one is deserved.

E. G. C.

NEWCASTLE, Me., May 20, 1854.

Sketch of Mrs. Carpenter's Life.

Nothing could have been farther from the mind of Mrs. Carpenter than any public use of her name or her unfettered thoughts. For several years previous to her decease, she kept a Journal of incidents and home thoughts for her own benefit. From this Journal and her many letters to friends during a period of twenty years, abundant materials are furnished for an extensive memoir, but from these, only brief selections will be made, and such especially as present her character as a friend and a Christian, and illustrate the power of religion to sustain the soul amidst severe and long continued suffering, and to sustain it in the hour of death. It is proposed simply, to put into a convenient and preservable form, some of those memorials of her *suffering life* and *glorious death*, which must ever be held in precious remembrance by family and personal friends, by whom she has been so much beloved.

It is hoped also, that this sketch may be of some service to *the afflicted*; to those who for long and weary years are imprisoned within sick-room walls, over whose minds despairing thoughts are wont to gather—a class of persons for whom she always had the largest charity and compassion. “To the sick and suffering” she used to say, “I feel that I have a mission. To comfort such is my highest ambition.” May this brief memorial help to fill up that which is behind, in this regard, so that, though denied the privilege of performing all that personal service for the afflicted, which she had in *her heart*, she may, “though dead,” speak healing words to some of God’s suffering children, who cannot help feeling that they have in her, a sympathizing, though an unknown friend.

MRS. CARPENTER was born in Exeter, Penobscot Co., Maine, Sept. 30th, 1812. Her grandfather, Daniel Barker, with several others, emigrated from “Old Exeter,” N. H., to which circum-

stance the town is indebted for its name. Her father, NATHANIEL BARKER, was one of the few who bore the burden and heat of the day in the early settlement of the town. He was a man highly respected as a citizen, and by all who recollect him, he is still spoken of as a conscientious and consistent Christian. His own right arm was his only patrimony, but of this he made effectual use. The echo of his axe was heard from early dawn to setting sun. Before his industrious hand the heavy growth of birch and maple that adorned his lot, and seemed too precious to be hewn down and cast into the fire, receded year by year, until he had the pleasure of looking out from his humble cottage, upon a "fruitful field" reclaimed from the primitive forest by his own exertions. His wife, whose maiden name was Sarah Pease, a woman of excellent health and great energy of character, endured her full share of the hardships incident to their pioneer life. A kind Providence smiled upon every labor of their hands. They received, as their heritage of children, seven sons and three daughters, all of whom, but one, have lived to adult years. (Sarah was their fourth child and youngest daughter.) The children had an honest inheritance of "mother wit," and no other hearth-stone than theirs, ever gathered around its evening fire, a more joyous family group. In these earlier years, their mirthful tendencies were kept under wholesome restraint by religious influences. The parents were professed Christians, and taught their children the fear of God. They have a sad and yet pleasant recollection of their sainted father, who was wont, "the cheerful supper done," to read the word of God, and at the family altar present his daily offering in their behalf. But not long were they to have a father to guide their steps. A dark cloud, at this critical period, eclipsed their bright prospects as a family. In March 18th, 1823, the beloved husband and father was cut down by sudden death. The shock was heavy and to this day, is *deeply felt*, by the whole family. The widowed mother, with her ten children, the eldest son but fifteen years of age, was compelled to leave the cottage and the garden, endeared to her by a husband's toils; to dispose of the cultivated half of the farm, and incur the

expense of building anew. But with unbending fortitude she sustained herself under the pressure of double hardships, and performed a work for her children which *will never be forgotten* by them. Many a family under less embarrassments has been broken up and apprenticed out to strange masters, and been, by force of circumstances and dissimilar training, made "aliens unto their own mother's children." The children with one consent resolved to "stand by their mother and to stand by each other." These early and common struggles explain the fact so often remarked of the brothers, that "they are always united." They early manifested a thirst for knowledge, and at the public school, earned the reputation of apt and thorough scholars. After the toils of the day, their autumn and winter evenings were devoted to study. By common consent they resolved themselves into a family school; the eldest son, having, by the most persevering exertion, qualified himself to act the part of teacher. To his faithful tuition, Sarah, always loved to acknowledge her indebtedness. She often remarked, "Noah has been a father to me and to us all." And to the interest and life of this family school, she always contributed her full share. With a mind clear to discern, and quick in its movement, she acquired with great facility, and retained whatever she once learned. At the age of ten years, sitting upon her father's knee, the last evenings of his life, she often repeated the seven long pages in Webster's Spelling Book, upon "The Analysis of Sounds in the English Language," without omitting a line or word, though most of it must have been above her comprehension. And a little after this she could be relied upon in "spelling matches," for any word to be found in that book.

Her correct orthography, with her neat hand-writing, leaves her manuscripts with hardly an erasure or a blot, and almost as readable as the printed page. And, matter of gratitude it was, that, from her retentive memory, the sacred poetry and Bible narratives, learned in her childhood, were never obliterated; but furnished precious material for thought in dark hours, when unable to read she was compelled to *think* and *live* upon the past.

As soon as her age admitted she became a teacher in public schools, earning, as such, a good reputation and securing the respect and love of her pupils. The pleasant memories of her school teaching days; when she was light-hearted and joyous as the children who skipped at her side, were sometimes a very grateful alleviation to the sufferings of later years. She loved to repeat such thoughts as Gray has embodied in his reminiscence of childhood days.

“ Ah ! happy hills—ah ! pleasing shades ;
 Ah ! fields, beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.”

Until long years of sickness had unstrung her nervous system, and blighted again and again her fondest earthly hopes, she was wont to look upon the bright side of life. Her natural disposition was eminently cheerful and happy, and to disturb her even flow of good spirits, required more than a common occurrence. And those friends who knew her love for active employment—who enjoyed her acquaintance before her form had been bowed, and her youthful beauty had been consumed by disease, can understand as others cannot, the sacrifice her unwelcome seclusion from society must have cost her. Never did youthful ambition struggle harder than her spirit, to overcome disease, to “keep up” and hold on to the endearments of social life.

As early as 1831, the indications of a *spinal affection* appeared, which combined with other infirmities, made her life, with intervals of relief, one continued discipline of suffering. During the summer of '31, her mind was deeply impressed with religious truth, and in Nov. of that year, she found peace in Christ. The change wrought in her by the Spirit of God, was very marked. The social amusements in which she had indulged lost all their charms, and from that time were not only abandoned, but never for a moment de-

sired. Purer fountains of happiness were opened to her in the society of Christian friends, and in communion with her Redeemer. Her purpose henceforth became to live for Christ and for eternity. In her intercourse and correspondence with friends, this ruling purpose of her life was ever disclosing itself. This gave tone to all the records of her journal, and was the thread of gold woven with no unskilful hand, into almost every letter she ever wrote for twenty years. She became a member of the Congregational church in her native town, Nov. 24th, 1833. Of her first coming to the table of communion, she writes a friend:—

“ I can truly say it was a delightful season—as I separated myself from the world. Since I have united myself with the church, I have had *peace* which the world cannot bestow. But when I look at myself I am astonished that God should have mercy upon me.

Why was I *made* to hear his voice? I have a comfortable hope, though not great spiritual joys. I believe it is only through the righteousness of Christ we can find acceptance with God.”

Her marriage was upon May 5th, 1836, and the birth and death of her only child, March 29, 1837. And for six years from this time, with some short intervals, she was confined to the sick room. An occasional extract from her letters and journal, will suffice to show the trial and the triumph of her faith:—

Feb. '37. “ When I find one day's rest, one day in which I feel comfortable, I desire to feel thankful. I have been so much afflicted of late, that one hour's ease is a welcome relief. Yet I do not wish to complain. It is from God, therefore it is for the best. O that I may be prepared for life or death. But how can I bear the thought of leaving my dear husband and friends in the bloom of life.”

EXETER, June 4th, 1838.

MY BELOVED HUSBAND,—I am upon my bed in my little room alone—but not unhappy—I had about given up all idea of recovery, but within a few days I have seemed to gain quite fast—but I fear it may be nothing more than a mere brightening of the blaze before its final extinction. If I am to be taken from this to another world, pray that Christ may be mine and it is enough. I know you do pray for me, whenever you pray for yourself. I would gladly fill this sheet, but you must be thankful for a little.

From your sick wife, S. B. C.

OCT. 21, '38. SABBATH. I have been reading Barnes' Notes, until my eyes have failed me. I am confined to my little room, and have no one with whom to converse upon the subject of religion. But I am not alone—I feel that I have the presence of that Saviour, who alone can dispel the gloom that hovers around a sick bed. It is a great consolation to think that it is God who afflicts; and that “ he does not afflict willingly, but for our good.”

MAY 16, 1840. Am confined to my room, where I have been much of the time for the past four years. Surely it is for some wise purpose that I am thus shut out from society, and my illness thus protracted. O that I may not be left to repine.

JULY 24th. Have had a sick day. Why am I so much attached to life? Why is it that I am so unwilling to leave my companion? Perhaps he could do much more good without me—then why do I wish to live to be only a hindrance to one of Christ's servants? O wilt thou loose the silver cord that binds me thus to him, and make me willing to leave the world. Can it be that a Christian would feel as I do? Would death be so unwelcome? Would earthly friends appear so dear? Would not Christ be all in all?

Mrs. C. left the home of her youth Oct. 3, 1840, and accompanied her husband to Eastport, where he was afterward settled as pastor of the Congregational Society. The members of that society and the good people of the town, manifested their deep sympathy for her, by their many kind and generous acts. And yet, carrying with her such a body of suffering, with a nervous system all unstrung, and with little prospect of any change for the better, it is not strange that she always retained a sad remembrance of her severe and protracted sickness at E.

EASTPORT, Jan. 1, '41. How much do I desire health. How anxious to arise from my bed and help my companion, and enjoy the society of friends. Why do I, when I know it is the will of my heavenly Father, that I should remain as I am. How easily could he restore health to this feeble frame. But before the worlds were made, my afflictions were designed—for what purpose it is not for mortals to know. Then silence, my wicked heart, and know that it is God, who will do me no injustice.

EASTPORT, 1841.

MY DEAR Bro's, D. & M.—You have been so much in my thoughts of late that I am constrained to address you. You know not how much I think of you. How can I do otherwise, when those I so much love are exposed to eternal death! I have wept for your souls in the silent watches of the night. I hope you will not doubt my sincerity, nor my love for your precious souls. I love my brothers and sisters, and nothing would give me more pain, than the thought of being forgotten by them—nothing, did I say—ah! there is one thing—and that is, the thought of an eternal separation. There is no one of my beloved brothers, whom I can consign to eternal despair—I will *hope* to the last. "There is a fountain filled with blood,"—through the efficacy of this blood, you may have forgiveness. Believe me, a sick bed is no place for repentance. I do feel solicitous for your eternal welfare. I do hope you will not delay repentance. * * * * * Your affec. sister, SARAH.

The following extracts, from a brother's letter, and a letter from her husband's sister residing with her at E., indicate the sympathy and anxiety of her friends.

EXETER, June 1st, '41.

BELoved SISTER.—Be assured I was right glad—yes, happy to receive, once more, a *good* letter, from my long afflicted, but dearly loved sister, in her own

hand-writing. I have always pitied you, in your afflictions—my precious sister, my tears flow for you, and my heart feels for you, for truly you have been a “child of sorrow.” I feel that you are too sensible of your situation to be flattered, and were it otherwise I would be the last to attempt it. I know not but I shall ere long, be obliged to give you up! Oh! bitter, bitter thought! How can I endure it! But why do I weep when my dear sister has such a blissful eternity in reserve for her? That “hope in Christ,” of which you speak is worth more than thousands and thousands of worlds like this! Oh! I do feel the need of such a hope! How can I bear the thought of being separated in eternity, from my fondly cherished sister! Oh! may your prayers be heard, that “we may meet where pain and sickness are unknown.” You recount happy, by-gone days. I think much of those happy seasons, now fled forever. I remember, though young, the day our dear mother gave you birth. I remember pleading with the nurse to place you first in my lap—and full many of your childish sports will never be forgotten. Oh! I do hope I shall be permitted to see you once more. God grant it! My love to all. Good bye. Your affect’e brother, NOAH BARKER.

EASTPORT, May 7th, '42.

MY DEAR SISTER JULIA.—Nothing could have given me greater pleasure, than the reception of your letter. Sarah was overjoyed at the news it contained, respecting her dear brothers, (one of whom had just then, it was hoped given himself to Christ,) and earnestly desires the good work may go on, until they all shall be prepared to meet her in that world of glory, to which she feels herself to be so fast hastening. I have thought of late, she must soon bid adieu to the world and to all her sufferings. But to-day, I hope she is better. I have come to the conclusion that none of us can tell whether she is dangerously ill, or not. I have seen her suffer so much, that I can only say, the Lord only knows how much suffering she can endure, and live through it. I hope after the spring has passed, she will revive and recover. I can assure you my dear sister, that no expense or pains have been spared for her comfort. For the last three weeks I have not been out, not even to attend a meeting on the week day or sabbath—and in this season of religious interest, our meetings are peculiarly interesting. Since her mother left, I have tried to do all in my power for her, as none of her family friends are with her. I enjoy the satisfaction of having endeavored to make her comfortable, and am abundantly repaid in the gratitude she expresses. She is doubly endeared to me, and when she is worse than usual, I feel the separating of that “*tender bond*” indeed, between my soul and hers. O may it not soon be severed! I should be delighted to see you. It would gratify me, and comfort your suffering sister. She has given up the world and all her friends for Christ. Still friends can do much to soothe her sorrows and smooth her rugged path.

Your unfailing friend, S. P. C.

JAN. 19th. Am very ill to-day, but comparatively happy. Bro. D., who is boarding with us, is concerned about his undying soul. O God, give him no rest till he finds it in Christ. It is almost too much for me to believe that thou hast heard my prayers for him. If my afflictions could be the means of the conversion of my beloved brothers how gladly would I suffer many years more. * * * *

APRIL 7th, 1842. Am yet in the body, trembling, hoping, fearing. O how death alarms me. Shall I ever become familiar with it. If reflecting upon it could make one familiar with death, surely I ought to be. Have I not, O God, struggled, and wept and prayed, year after year, for “dying faith?” Have I not besought thee to sever every tie that binds me to earth? O none but God knows my sufferings of body and mind. O could I be willing to die—to give

up my dear husband and friends and every earthly thing. The dead are soon forgotten. But why should I think of that? I am not worthy of being remembered. May my proud heart be humbled, and my worthless name be graven on my Saviour's hands, and I will take the lowest seat in thy kingdom.

A little after this the following lines, are found copied upon a leaf of her journal.

"It is not death—it is not death,
From which I shrink with coward fear,
It is that I must leave behind
All that I love here.

It is not health—it is not health,
That makes me fain to linger here,
For I have languished on in pain,
This many a year.

It is not hope—it is not hope,
From which I cannot turn away;
Oh! earthly hope has cheated me,
This many a day.

But there are *friends*—but there are *friends*
To whom I could not say "Farewell,"
Without a pang more hard to bear
Than tongue can tell."

During the autumn of '42, beyond the expectation of herself and others, Mrs. C., by slow degrees, gained sufficient strength to attempt a visit to her family friends. Her health slowly improved during the winter and spring of '43, and by the almost daily exercise of riding, and by breathing the pure air of her native hills, she came up, almost as one from the dead, to enjoy life again, and so realize the desire of her heart, to be useful in her family and in the vineyard of the Lord. For the next seven years, though very frail, and subject to frequent and painful illnesses, she for the most part, enjoyed life, and was enabled to preside and assist in her household affairs, to visit and receive friends, to attend usually the "sewing circle" and the "female prayer meeting," and to enjoy (what she had not enjoyed for years,) the worship of the sanctuary. Her husband left Eastport, March, '43, and after preaching for a time in Dexter and Exeter, was settled in the former place.

EXETER, July 15, 1843. Sabbath. Attended church half a day. What a blessed privilege—after having been so long shut away from society.

Nov. 28. Sabbath. To be able to go and listen to the ambassadors of

Christ, O what a privilege—after having been so long chained down by languor and disease. To God be all the glory for restoring me thus far to health.

JAN. 16, 1844. Attended Co. Conf., at Monson. A most precious season. It was like heaven to me to meet Christians and commune with them after having been so long denied the privilege.

Nov. 1st. With all my afflictions, few have more mercies than myself. I am surrounded by the kindest friends. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me." The Lord hath chastened me sore, but "he hath not given me over unto death."

Nov. 8. Made several calls to-day upon persons in affliction. There is a sad pleasure in comforting mourners, but I am yet so feeble and sensitive that it affects me much.

MAY 21, 1845. Called on M. W. H. She is rapidly sinking into the arms of death. I cannot endure the thought of a separation. So dear is Mary to my heart that it seems impossible for me to give her up. Yet it is, I fear, my last interview with her on earth. I shall ever remember her last words to me. Leaving her, I told her she must trust in the Saviour—with a heavenly look, she replied "I will try." O that look, I can never forget!

JUNE 8. While we were sitting around the communion table, the spirit of our beloved Mary took its flight. No member of our church would be lamented more. But her spirit is before the throne. She sees her precious Saviour face to face. Heaven now has surely new attractions.

JULY 6. Bro. N. called and took his leave of me for the summer. O, shall I live to see all my dear brothers, Christians? or must I give them up? I cannot cease to pray for them, hoping that because of my "importunity," the Lord will hear me and have mercy on them. They have talents—that should be employed in his service.

DEXTER, Dec. 25th, '45. Commenced house-keeping in a house of our own—the first we ever owned. It seems pleasant to have a home. Home! home has a thousand charms. May we enter our pleasant dwelling with suitable feelings, and dedicate it and ourselves to God.

Mrs. C. had not till now been able to have the care of house-keeping. It was to her a grateful privilege to preside at her own table, to cultivate the flowers of her own garden, and to contribute whatever she could to the comfort of her own family. She "looked well to the ways of her household," and "the heart of her husband could safely trust in her." The "prophet's chamber" was always ready for a visitor. A relishable, if not a sumptuous meal, with right good cheer, when but indifferently well, she always gave her guests. For a few short years, here, the current of Mrs. C.'s life had a comparatively gentle and happy flow. Her life seemed to herself almost useless, but she *was* useful in her family, in the benevolent and praying circles, among the sick and afflicted, and among the young people of the parish, who all felt that they had in her a sincere and Christian friend. Here she mourns over what she always regarded her besetting sin.

JULY 6, 1848. My enjoyment and confidence are often destroyed, by indulging in trifling conversation. Lightness seems natural to me as the breath I draw. I fear I shall never overcome it.

JULY 28th. Our Sewing Circle met with Mrs. S. But I cannot reflect upon it with pleasure, on account of my indulging in trifling conversation. O when shall I overcome this sinful practice?

OCT. 16. Reading Philips' "Beauty of Female Holiness." O how much I lack the graces of Christian character he describes.

OCT. 17. The day occupied very much by calls and company. O that I could exert a salutary influence in all my intercourse with our people.

OCT. 30th. Cares and company have pressed heavily upon me to-day, so that I feel weak as a "bruised reed."

JUNE 19th, 1849. Brentwood, N. H. Having a very pleasant visit with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. B——.

JUNE 20. Rode with E—— to old Exeter and called upon a brother of grandfather Barker, eighty-six years of age, but very smart. I love to cherish my father's memory, and converse with his kindred. I seem to be treading on "holy ground." Visited a "Garrison House," built more than a hundred years since. Had a very pleasant interview with cousin D——, and other kindred, at the old mansion.

Mrs. C. alludes here to one of the most pleasant visits of her life. She took great pleasure in looking up the family records of her father's ancestors, and collecting incidents of interest to bring home to her brothers.

MAY 7th, 1850. A sad day. Attended the circle but felt entirely unfit to be in company—have great trials to know what duty is, as it regards remaining here at D.

MAY 18th. Engaged this afternoon in preparing some poor children for the Sabbath School. What a pleasure to be able to do something for them.

MAY, 24th. Mr. C. has a call to go to——. My affections cling to this spot. I love my home—every plant and tree has a strong hold on my affections.

" 'Tis ever thus from childhood's hour,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

JUNE 11th. O that these earthly changes might not thus affect me. How much keen suffering do these strong local attachments cause me, yet I would not be without sensibility.

JUNE 17th. Mr. and Mrs. G——, dear friends, left to-day for Massachusetts. I find it hard parting with them. But who would live without loving and being loved, though partings do cause sadness.

JUNE 21. Passed the day at Mrs. A.'s. How many happy hours have I spent in her family—as we recalled them, our tears flowed together.

JULY 7. Sabbath. My expected departure from this place, awakened deep emotions. I love the church. All its interests are dear to me. I would die with these chosen ones around me. I would find my last resting place, by the side of those with whom I have taken such sweet counsel. Their attachment to us seems too sacred to be broken.

The following beautiful note is one of the many expressions of attachment received from the young people of the Cong. society in D., at her departure.

DEAR MRS. CARPENTER,—Will you accept my flowers, though so imperfect a semblance to more beautiful, yet more fading ones. And will you have their language, one “breathing the affection of the giver,” the other “asking a thought from the receiver.” But I feel assured that boon would be mine, even were it not asked. When I have seen how much you prized those little tokens of regard and sympathy, sent you from another place, (Eastport,) I have had a secret desire, to mingle some memento with them, in that “little transparent box.” And wherever you may sojourn, may it gather for you new pledges of love, so that you may ever feel that there is more than one bright spot on this oft beclouded earth, where, by friends, you are remembered and blest.

Yours, J.

An extract from one of her letters to another young lady of the parish, (then absent) who was very dear to her, will indicate her interest for the young, as well as explain the strength of their attachment to her.

MY DEAR L. It has not been for want of interest, be assured, that I have not written you. We regretted exceedingly, that you could not have been with us during the interest in the church. I can but cherish the hope, that you have resolved on your return to take a decided stand as a Christian, and become one of our number. I hope to learn that ere this, you have submitted your heart to God. What are all the honors and pleasures of earth, compared with a crown of glory at God's right hand? I have often thought of you and felt that I could not give you up, until you give your heart to the Saviour. I know you will pardon me for thus pressing this subject upon your attention, when you realize the *worth of the soul*, and the danger of losing it. The present time only is ours. We may all soon be in eternity.

Your sincere friend, S. B. C.

A beloved sister in the church, speaking of her husband's dismission from his pastoral charge in D——, and of his and her removal writes:—

DEAR MRS. C. We are obliged to acknowledge to ourselves and betray it to others, that we are *bereft*. O what a desolation! But I must not dwell upon it. May we improve the dispensations of Providence as a kind father designs we should. We have great occasion to remember your kindness. Your reward is above.

In love, ———

DEXTER, Sept. 28, '49.

MY DEAR Mr. & Mrs. F——. I have hardly strength to hold my pen, which must account for my long delay and my zigzag writing. I was taken quite ill soon after you left, and for three weeks have been unable to leave my lounge. This shattered tenement *cannot* much longer bear up against the storms that beat upon it, yet it seems to rally, and my days are prolonged from time to time, for what purpose I know not. But infinite Wisdom directs all these events, and all will be made plain hereafter.

I speak freely to you, for you are not strangers to sorrow and suffering. I seldom speak of my sufferings, feeling it may be unpleasant to my friends, but

I do feel it to be a great relief to find congenial spirits, to whom I can unbosom my sorrows, and exchange the kindly word and the sympathizing tear. Such spirits I prize—such I feel I am addressing. We have ever felt that you are sincere friends, and we appreciate your kind offices of friendship.

Yours sincerely,

SARAH B. CARPENTER.

DEXTER, Apr., 1851.

Mr. & Mrs. C—Dear Friends,—Your precious treasure, for such we consider your kind letter, came safe to hand, and with mingled joy and grief I address you in reply. I rejoice that I am able to write, though with a trembling hand, and grieved that the great distance which separates us, renders it necessary to resort to this slow method of expressing our feelings and sentiments. I cannot make it seem a reality that we are separated by so many hundred miles; that we are never again to run in as formerly, and spend an hour with you, in free, social converse. The thought of those dear families that have left us, makes my heart sink. To lose tried friends seems like losing a part of ourselves. In my weak state you know not how such changes affect me. Perhaps few have stronger attachments, or love their friends more tenderly than I, however indifferent I may appear to them. Some of my happiest hours, have been passed in your society. But those hours are gone, and their record is made up for eternity. * * * I sometimes long to lay my shattered frame aside, and be clothed with immortality—yet I will suffer all God's will, if by thus being put in the crucible, the great refiner can see one spark of his image. I know I have many mercies mingled with my cup of sorrow. I have been blest with the kindest, truest friends that earth can afford, and more than all, I have been cheered with the glorious hope of having this frame worthless as it is, raised again and clothed with immortality. I do feel, while I am now writing, that we shall, my dear friends, meet again where friendships are purer and more abiding than here—and it will not be long. * * * We know not how dear our friends are, until we are deprived of them. O how many times I have said to myself, while thinking of all the dear friends who have gone out West, "Memory's tears in absence whet the value of the prize." But perhaps your heavenly father has sent you there, to do more for him and wear a brighter crown hereafter.

Yours truly and affect'y,

S. B. C.

During the spring of 1851, Mrs. C.'s health was again prostrated, and she had a most distressing sickness of some five months, in which the tone of her whole physical and nervous system was even more sadly affected than in 1841 and '42. From June 23d to November, she hardly wrote a note or a line in her journal. The following is one of her first records.

Nov. No one knows what my sufferings of body and mind have been during my late sickness. But if I can but be prepared for heaven, I ask no more. I would seek this home and wait patiently for my release.

This last record indicates a marked change in her feelings, in view of death. Her almost unconquerable love of life was during this sickness, by God's grace, completely overcome. Not that afterward she loved life or friends less, but rest and the Saviour more. From this time her weary eye was turned away from earth:

“ Now other cares engross her,
And her *tired soul*, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and plumes its wings for Heaven.”

In June, 1851, she had so far recovered as to accompany her husband to Newcastle. A few extracts from letters written at N., are here given. As the spontaneous expressions of family and Christian affection, written in her unpretending but terse and expressive style, they need neither commendation nor interpretation. Some of these are in her humorous vein.

NEWCASTLE, Dec. 29, '51.

DEAR SISTER T——. Here I am again in Newcastle, and can hardly realize that I have made such a flying visit to my friends. We had a pleasant ride to Stetson, after leaving mother's, enjoying D.'s “music” through the afternoon and evening, with occasional aid from Bro. L. The next morning the wind was brisk enough, and we could hardly see for the dancing of the snow, but E. was expected to preach here Sabbath day, and “to America he must go.” So we packed up and turned our faces homeward. We had not proceeded far before we found the way badly drifted, and some three miles from the village of S., had a regular tip over—the minister first, then his wife, and then the maid—then followed various domestic comforts, hot water stove, valise, mother's cheese, books, papers, &c., so that it looked really like house-keeping on the snow drift! * * * * Rode to —, called for a warm room and retired, but too much fatigued to sleep. The landlord was a very polite, chatty old gentleman, and as we complimented him in the morning for keeping good fires, he made quite a speech, saying “he never intended to freeze,” that he “thought a great deal of *fire*, but this everlasting fire he had no faith in—and no one of Adam's race knew any more about it than he did.” We said nothing in reply but came to the conclusion that he was not decidedly orthodox. As we came toward N. found the roads badly drifted. Halting at one time opposite a house, and ruminating whether to go on or turn back, a fat good natured looking woman came to the door, shouting at the top of her voice—“What you say?” We had in fact said nothing. “Wal come in.” We went in and found her a very kind-hearted woman. I was glad to find a bed in a warm room where I could rest. The children of the family were bright, but perfectly wild. The scene at the dinner table was ludicrous and indescribable. I was obliged to bite my lips to keep from roaring aloud. To give a finishing touch, — must upset his plate, filling his lap with fried pork, potatoes and grease. I certainly thought I should burst, but I maintained a painful dignity, and lived through it all. * * * * But I am not sorry I took the journey, for I enjoyed my visit much.

Yours very affect'y, SARAH.

NEWCASTLE, May 14, 1852.

DEAR BRO. D. I am greatly obliged for your poetry. “Early Recollections,” We think it the finest specimen, decidedly, that has been “ground out” by any of you. It made quite a child of me, bringing up scenes and familiar objects of my childhood, which had slept for years. Our poor “Prim,” and the “little great rock” I had almost forgotten, but “mother's red cupboard,” the “old trundle bed,” and your “switching Lew,” and “taking to the grove,” were more indelibly impressed upon my memory. * * * The last verse however, I thought objectionable. It grated a little upon my “orthodoxy,” and upon second thought, I feel that *you* would wish a little better heaven

than "switching Lew," or "hooking bannocks." * * O our childhood's days! the thought that they are never to return, overwhelms me! I cannot bear the thought that the interest in each other, hitherto manifested in our family, should ever lose its *freshness*. * * O that I felt assured we were all to be re-united in heaven.

Yours affect'y, SARAH.

NEWCASTLE, July 28, '51.

DEAR SISTER NANCY. I have long been in your debt, as it regards letters, but I know you will pardon all. Since my health has improved sufficiently to use my pen, you know I have had as much care as I could bear. I thank you for your kind letter from D. We are now quite settled in our new home, and it really begins to seem like home. My health has steadily improved since we came here. I have attended church one half the day almost every Sabbath, have been able to see nearly every one who has called upon me. Our people are very considerate about my strength, and seem kind and sympathizing. I find here a great many invalids—I might say the whole world is sick—for how few in these days are well. O there is labor enough to be done in this vineyard, and all we ask is for strength and grace to perform our whole duty.

I have felt from the first a conviction that we ought to come here, and have never dared to say one word against coming, *hard* as it was to leave friends in D. and my loved and cherished home. You know not what strong attachments I have had and still have for friends at D., but if I have entered the vineyard of my Lord to aid one of his faithful servants, I feel that it is not for me to designate the field in which to labor. I know it is but very little that I can do, but God regards the feeblest sigh, if breathed from a contrite heart. I do desire to be and do just what God would have me do.

Much love to dear mother C. I think much of her and of you all.

Your sister, SARAH.

NEWCASTLE, Aug., 1851.

MY DEAR MOTHER. I have long been trying to gather up strength to write you. Often when I take my pen, the trembling of my hand, and the confusion of my thoughts so dishearten me, that I am tempted to lay my pen aside and give myself up as a bruised, broken reed, unfit for farther use—and then I feel that I *will* exert all my energies, until I am finally laid away to mingle with the dust. I think of you all quietly settled there together, and I feel that I cannot run in as formerly; I think of my own dear *father*, who has long since gone to his rest—of the *mother* who gave us birth—of the kind brothers and sisters who have ministered to our wants through so many years of helplessness and suffering. A thousand fond associations cluster around my childhood's home. Shall we, my dear mother, meet an unbroken family in the paradise of God? Will you one day stand on Mount Zion above and say, "Here, Lord, am I and the children thou hast given me!" I wish, dear mother, I could pass an hour with you this evening. I could say many things I cannot put on paper.

Yours ever, SARAH.

The following letter in reply to one from a little nephew, some ten years of age, for its simplicity and happy fitness to the mind of a child, is well worth preserving.

NEWCASTLE, Feb 18th, 1852.

MY DEAR GEORGE. Your kind letter was truly welcome. It brought fresh to memory, scenes I had partially forgotten. When you were born, I was at Eastport upon a bed of sickness, where I was confined two whole years; and I now have in my possession a most excellent letter, which your father wrote

me, announcing your birth. I shall never forget the mingled emotions of pleasure and pain, felt, upon the perusal of that letter. You know your father is my eldest brother, and I have always loved him very much. And when I learned that he had a son George, I was greatly rejoiced, but the next thought made my heart sink within me, for I felt that I was upon the bed of death, (as I was then very sick) and should never see you on earth.

And now you may well imagine my feelings, when I read your letter to me, to think that God should have spared me until you are old enough to write me, and give me such a token of love and interest for my welfare. I have ever since your birth felt a deep interest for you, and have often raised a prayer to heaven, that you may be kept from all evil—that you may live and become a good man, and when your father and mother and myself, are sleeping in the grave, you may not only cherish our memory, but be a *good* and very useful man. Shall I not hope for this still? Shall I not hope that my dear George will answer our fondest expectations? I was very much gratified to know that you can write so neat a hand, and spell so correctly, and compose so readily. I think much of having you all correct scholars. Write me often. I shall ever be interested for you, and shall love to think of you as my own dear nephew—as the first who ever wrote me. I am tired and must close.

Your most affec'e aunt, SARAH.

NEWCASTLE, March, 1852.

DEAR MRS. W. You were very kind to take so much pains to visit me at E., and I feel that it is too bad to have this long silence reign between us. But you have known me too long to think I can ever forget my own "sweet home," or the friends I have so long and so tenderly loved. * * * But on the whole I am "clothed and in my right mind" more than formerly, although the Devil, I sometimes think, has his sportive moods at my expense. When he goes so far with me as to raise my ire a little, I am compelled to turn upon him and give him chase, and tell him to "get behind me," or I will break every bone in his contemptible carcass. I sometimes go so far as to tell him, he can only get me at last, and he will find that he has not got much of a prize. Did you ever hear of one in such a state? I hope this will not frighten you. * * * O could we all meet again as formerly! But it would make me too happy. Well, "the time is short." Shall we not all soon meet in a brighter and better home,

"Meet ne'er to sever?"

The thought certainly animates me, whether I am prepared for that world or not.

Yours sincerely, S. B. C.

NEWCASTLE, Sept., 1852.

DEAR MRS. A. You cannot imagine the pleasure your kind letter afforded me. O, I prize more and more long tried friends. * * * How do our hearts rejoice with you, for the safe return, and assured prosperity of the husband and father of your family. We feel like flying away to greet you all once more and rejoice with you, around your happy fireside.

When I broke the seal of your letter, and found one enclosed from your husband to Mr. C., I really did not know but he would leave his boots behind in his eagerness to get it. He commenced reading with the greatest avidity and bravery, until he reached the reference to some past scenes—his utterance choked, and greatly fearing I should find myself in the same predicament, I commenced a regular laugh at him, and he gave the letter up to me and took refuge in the kitchen. Now don't set us down as chicken-hearted for you may possibly lose your balance in the same way. The truth is our attachments cannot be transferred in a moment.

Yours truly, S. B. C.

NEWCASTLE, Dec. 17, '52.

MY DEAR MOTHER C. I have been wishing to write you ever since we moved into "our own hired house." Mr. C. found it impossible to get assistance at this busy season, and he and L. had all the lifting to do, and I felt that I must help what I could, and it has quite upset me, so that I have not been as well since. We are now comfortably situated in a neat little house, and find it very convenient. I wish you could just step in and see us some evening, in our comfortable, cozy quarters, before a good open Franklin stove, talking often of you and other dear absent ones. You know not how much you have been in my thoughts since Nancy left, and especially since the reception of her last letter, for I feel that it must have been a deep heart-struggle to resign your last fond daughter to go so far from home. I confess I feel deeply her departure, for I have loved her tenderly as a sister, and it is hard to bring myself to feel that our social intercourse for this world is ended! With my health I have no reason to expect another meeting. But O, if I can be prepared for a reunion in the skies, I ought to submit. You, my dear mother, have had many trials, and trials peculiar to yourself, yet God's hand is to be seen in them all. I have a heart to perform many little acts of kindness, but God has seen fit to place me where I must be "ministered unto," instead of ministering to others—the most trying position for one of my temperament he could place me in. But God tries his children with the affliction most needed. A kind remembrance to father C. and N. Yours most affect'y, SARAH.

NEWCASTLE, Dec., 1852.

DEAR SISTER JULIA. When I last wrote I little thought so long a silence would reign between us, but you know too well the strength of your sister's attachment, to think you are away from her thoughts even for a day. All your interests are before me—your pressing cares and corroding anxieties—but still you are blessed my sister, believe me, when I tell you so—in having strength given you to minister to the necessities of your family, and to be actively useful in a thousand ways, of which I am incapable.

You know not how much you and the rest of my dear friends, occupy my thoughts. As I have no children living of my own to love, my affections are more fully centred upon my brothers and sisters and their little ones—their interests are closely linked with my own. In all the privileges I enjoy I think of you, and wish, and wish again, that my dear sister J., or M., or some of my dear brothers could enjoy this with me, and in fact be companions with me as in days gone by. You cannot understand this fully, for you have always been surrounded by family friends. I can rejoice in your pleasant social gatherings though absent from you. In my musings, how often I ask myself, "are we to spend a happy eternity as brothers and sisters and parents of the same family, before the throne of God?" We cannot expect our family circle to be much longer unbroken. And yet, I know not how I could consign to the narrow tomb one of our number. The thought is too painful and I leave it.

Your ever affect'e SARAH.

During the first year of her residence at N—, Mrs. C—, though feeble, called upon nearly every family of her husband's parish, and made repeated calls upon the sick and the afflicted, which, not for cold ceremony, but for intellectual and spiritual profit, will never be forgotten. One of her last calls was upon a young man in consumption, who attributed his conversion, to a kind per-

sonal appeal from her, to seek the Saviour without delay. To a friend she writes of this brief interview, "It would be a relief to my saddened heart, to know that I had made, here, one good impression, for I have felt for the last two years, that I was one of the most useless of all God's creatures."

In Dec., 1852, the powers of life began to wane, and she once more took her bed, with a sort of presentiment she could not shake off, that she should "never be raised up again." After all expectation of recovery was cut off, her friends hoped she might at least, have an easy passage to the tomb, but this was denied her. Her last days were, in this respect, in mysterious keeping with her suffering life. Ten long months of extreme prostration and suffering were allotted her. Through weary months her bitter moaning was, "O ! can God love me as one of his chosen people and keep me in this furnace of suffering ? O, this seems *dark, dark* to me ! *
* * * * " But as the mariner, whose ship has labored in heavy seas through a long night of storm, hails with joy the breaking day, and his "desired haven," so as eternity dawned upon her, and the blessed "mansions" at last peered through the parting clouds, her soul "*rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*" This was enough, enough for her—enough for anxious, praying friends ! Better than his word the Saviour came and met her, even this side the "dark river," and "received her unto himself." As with her childhood's smile, and with a tone of unearthly sweetness, she repeatedly exclaimed, "I am almost home !" "I am almost home !" "Don't you rejoice with me !" Long before this, by request, every thing had been prepared for her decease and "her burial." Her keepsakes and tokens of love, had all been distributed. These were some of her last precious words.

"I go into eternity believing all the doctrines of the Gospel." August 21. Sabbath, A. M. "I have had a glorious vision of heaven this morning. I see there rich and poor, black and white—I see the poor made happy there, and I have laughed at myself, for thinking I should love to go about among them, as if they in heaven needed any of my poor services."

"Tell the church I love their interests and would gladly spend and be spent for them, but God sees fit to remove me to another field. Tell the ladies who

have sent me the tokens of their sympathy, and made preparations for my burial, that their kindness is very grateful to my feelings, and that I am not worthy of so much respect."

To Miss L——, who for eight years had been in her family, and with a sisterly fidelity had stood by her, and ministered to the necessities of her distressed hours,

"The Lord *will* take care of you, and reward you for your faithfulness to me in my sickness."

To her sister M—— who was permitted to be with her the last weeks of her life, and contributed much to her relief,

"My precious sister—you know what suffering is, as well as myself, but you will soon get through—I hope you will find the Saviour as precious as I have. * * * *"

"Tell sister J—— my love is strong for her in death. J—— will not forget me. * * *"

"Tell them (family friends) I have not forgotten them—I love each one of them to the last. Tell them I don't know but I have said all I can to them, about their immortal interests. Tell —— I have said all I can—my voice is now hushed. * * *"

SEPT. 3d. "O, is it possible that so sinful a creature is soon to be in heaven? I think I shall—I have faith in Christ. He is *precious*!"

SEPT. 5th. "I feel this morning, as though I could wait, if it be God's will, and as though I could be cast off, if it were his will. O, I feel as though I could suffer on if it be his will. I have not a murmuring thought."

To her husband, holding her in his arms, while exercised with great bodily suffering,

"O, that I could fall asleep and wake in my Saviour's arms. I want to be with you. My heart beats as warm toward you as ever. You will be lonely. I pity you. But I want to be with my Saviour. The Lord will support you and reward you for all your kindness to me. I have many things for you to forgive, but after all I *have loved* you, and few have been so happy as we. I feel as though I should meet our babe in heaven, and clasp him in my arms—and I hope we may be the first to welcome you at the gate of heaven."

In this "pain and bliss of dying" she lingered, until 5 o'clock, A. M., September 26th. Her Saviour's name was last upon her lips, "Come quickly, come quickly, Lord Jesus." Again and again was this prayer repeated, until the dew of death stood upon her brow, and her eye grew dim, and her aching heart sobbed itself still, and waiting angels (we cannot doubt) took her ransomed spirit to the bosom of God.

"There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;

'Tis found at last—IN HEAVEN."

The following letter written the day before her decease, is both the tribute of a brother's love, and a record of some incidents in the closing scene, which have not been noticed.

STETSON, Maine, Sept. 25, 1853.

DEAR BRO. N. We found Sarah, as all seemed to suppose, on the very threshold of life. She could not articulate aloud, and our only conversation was carried on, by my holding my ear to her cold, thin lips, and receiving her faint whispers. Yet she was in the perfect possession of all her mental faculties, her intellect seeming as clear, her self-possession as perfect, and her warm heart gushing out, in all its affectionateness, towards all the members of her family, as when in full health. You are not unaware, that the great torture and affliction of her life, has been a sort of melancholy brooding over the idea of dying; indeed, it has in all her protracted sickness been the nightmare of her night and day dreams. All *that* had passed away. Every doubt about her future condition seemed swept away from her mind, by a glorious vision of immortality, and that being all settled, she seemed to give her only thought to the proper remembrance of her friends, and to a calm and business-like precision, in making arrangements for her death and burial. She had, before we arrived, had her coffin and grave clothes all made and in the house, and had dictated all, even the minutest particular of the arrangements about her funeral. She desires all the brothers to participate in the expense of erecting a modest stone to her memory—thinking that that course will keep her memory fresher and purer in our hearts, for each having a share in it. She desires her remains to be brought to Exeter, and at the old home be viewed for the last time on earth, by our family and such friends as we desire, then be carried to Dexter, have Rev. Mr. Parker, of Foxcroft, conduct her funeral service, and then be quietly buried, without exposure to the public gaze. All these things are arranged and dictated by *her*—all done calmly and pleasantly—and with a *smile* upon her countenance, as though it were a pleasure to die, and indeed, on each morning I was there, she expressed the desire that she might “go home” that day, as though it were but passing into a neighbor's house. I do wish you and M—— could have seen her—she was particularly anxious to see you both—has left messages for both, and seemed desirous that we should *all*, as you say, “mingle our tears together,” over her remains, on the old homestead so dear to us all. I was not aware, N——, until this interview, how much the dear girl had lived in the past; how her heart had been always going back to the scenes and loves of her childhood; how dear to her were all the members of our family—the rest of us have children to love and cherish, have formed other and later ties, that have in part taken the place of, and seemed to compensate for the want of the intimacies of our early years, or else being in full health and in the continually changing scenes of active life, have not felt the need of affection, or the ties of kindred, but it has all along been different with her; she has been denied children, (to live and grow up) and her long years of sickness and confinement, have prevented her from cultivating the ordinary intimacies and friendships of life, and therefore all the wealth of her affections, has been lavished upon her husband and upon the members of *our family*. Her mother, her brothers and sisters she has never forgotten, and even in her affliction, has borne along with her, upon her warm heart; and it now seems as though we had hardly appreciated her position and feelings in that respect. *I know I have not*, and let me live a thousand years, I can never forget the painful sensation that came over me, when in a conversation with her about being *remembered* by the brothers and sisters, I asked her if she did not feel that we had *all*, always

loved her. She said yes, but still she felt at times that she was "one alone." It was the first full view I had ever had of her position, her wants and needs of affection and sympathy on our part. Have we all, N——, loved each other as much as we should? * * * Yours affec'y, L. B.

A few extracts from letters received by her husband since her decease, are here given. They will interpret themselves, and show, useless as she often regarded herself, that she *was* useful to the church of Christ, and that her friends are indebted to her more than they can ever know in this world.

EXETER, Nov. 12, 1853.

BRO. C. It is impossible for me to fully sympathize with you in your recent affliction. I can mourn for the loss of a beloved, a *dearly beloved* sister, (as Sarah was to me and to all of us;) but the loss of a bosom companion; the vacant chair at the fireside, at the board, and at the altar, the fitful starting to hear a familiar and cheering tone, and finding yourself mocked as you wake from your dreams—all this I am a stranger to. Still hardly an hour passes by in which I do not think of dear Sarah; of her early life; her extreme sufferings; her salutary influence upon us all; her glorious triumph over the King of Terrors; her peaceful passage over the stormy river; her welcome upon the other side; her first efforts with her celestial harp, and her eternal redemption from sickness, and sorrow, and tears. I believe she is now in Paradise through repentance and God's saving grace.

Yours fraternally, D. B.

L——, Nov. 20, 1853.

DEAR MR. C. * * As day after day passes, the more I miss Mrs. C. I feel as though I had lost my mother. I have been so long in your family that your house was really my home. My prayer is that I may profit by the counsel I have received, and may her prayer be answered that "I may meet her in heaven." I think it is wrong for me to dwell upon my loss so much in the death of Mrs. C. I know I should think more of her infinite gain. How great and happy must be the change to her passing from such sufferings to an "eternal weight of glory." * * * * Yours &c., L——.

PHIPSBURG, Nov., 1853.

DEAR FRIEND. We deeply sympathize with you in this your "darkest day of life," while we have a grateful remembrance of your dear companion—of her generous sympathy, and Christian kindness. My last interview with her was very precious. From a season of gloom, and darkness, she seemed to be coming to the light—said she desired entire freedom from that state of depression, more than all other things. "Not health of body, (said she,) do I ask, but the light of my Saviour's countenance."

She spoke of her life prolonged, by your constant care, and unwearied attention, and of the little she had done to aid you in your labors, compared with what she had wished to do. But her work is now done.

"She sleeps in Jesus, and is blest,
How sweet her slumbers are;
From suffering, and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare."

P. B. D.

NEWTON, Mass., Dec. 18, '53.

DEAR BRO. C. I noticed the death of Mrs. C. reported in the Congregationalist, and sympathize with you deeply. * * * I entered your house an

entire stranger, but was warmly welcomed. Mrs. C., though upon her lounge extended her hand to me, and gave me a cordial and unaffected greeting. Such as the house afforded was mine, and I felt at home. In her manner, there was nothing of that cold courtesy that seems to say "inasmuch as by arrangement with my husband you are here, I shall endeavor to treat you civilly;" but though sick she sacrificed her own comfort to promote mine. * * * She did not talk and say nothing—she had *intellect* and *heart*, and out of the abundance of the heart she spoke, and without affectation. As a pastor's wife, I saw that she was deeply interested in the welfare of the people, especially the young people of his charge. They, as you, have lost an invaluable friend. May they and you find a better, where only a better can be found—in Jesus Christ.

Yours truly, W. B.

ANDOVER, Mass., Dec. 27, '53.

MY DEAR BRO. C. While upon my agency in Lincoln Co., your wife received me with all the kindness of an old acquaintance, and I felt at once that I had found a resting place. She was a "lover of hospitality," and herself knew how to practice it. She tried to make me feel that her acts of kindness were nothing more than they should be, and it was when afterward remembered that I fully felt their worth. Her chief trial seemed to be that she could do so little good, but remarked that sometimes that last line of Milton's Sonnet on his blindness, had been a comfort to her,

"They also serve who stand and wait."

When I left your house she took me several miles in her carriage, towards my next stopping place. It was the last time I ever saw her.

I remain yours, C. C. T.

AMHERST, N. H., Dec. 30, '53.

MY DEAR BROTHER. * * * I can assure you of my heart-felt sympathy in your sore bereavement. I noticed in the papers the death of your dear wife—was much affected by it, and intended writing you immediately, offering you my sympathies in your great affliction, but a pressure of duties at the time prevented.

I remember your dear wife with much interest, especially my last interview with her. It was a rich social, religious, and intellectual treat. Little did I think she was so soon to "finish her course." But she is gone, we cannot doubt to heaven. Through grace she has received the great end of her being, the endless *salvation* of the soul.

This is enough! Let this thought sustain and comfort you. It had this effect on myself when in your present lonely state. Let us bear up a little longer; if faithful to our Redeemer, we shall soon join our dear departed ones in heaven. May God bless you.

Very truly yours, W. C.

FOXCROFT, Dec. 30, 1853.

MY DEAR E. I suppose you have been looking for a letter from home, but I have hardly known how or what to write. * * * What a comfort to think of a glorious resurrection!—our dear departed ones N—— and S—— will be raised in immortal strength and beauty, and restored to our embrace, "where no farewell tear is shed."

"On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal shall wake from the tomb."

I have no doubt of the correctness of God's government. He doeth all things well, and I would be still and know that he is God. * * * I do sometimes enjoy thinking of N—— and dear S——, together, each with a cherub child—all singing the "song of Moses and the Lamb."

All their tears are wiped away, and they have no more occasion to complain of sickness or sorrow ! I could write much more, but you can appreciate my feelings as well as if I did. * * * Your affect'e mother, S. P. C.

EXETER, April 18, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER C. When I saw you in January, I promised to collect and forward to you, a few reminiscences of the juvenile years of my dear departed sister. I thought perhaps I might be able to collect a few incidents in her early life, which, to you at least, might be interesting. But, in fact, I have felt for the most part of the time since you were here, too sad and gloomy to depict the dear girl, as I recollect her during the buoyancy of childhood and youth. You can hardly imagine the effect which your kind and welcome visit here, has had upon my feelings ever since. To see you come and leave alone, unaccompanied, as formerly, by poor Sarah, and to reflect that the sweet communion we had so often enjoyed together, would never be resumed, caused me to realize more sensibly, the *emptiness of earth*, than anything I have witnessed since her death. At your departure, I was obliged to retire to a place where I might vent my grief in tears. This, to the multitude, may be deemed a childish weakness, but I know that you, my dear brother, will consider

“ 'tis *manliness*

To be broken-hearted here—
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.”

The daguerreotype which you left with me serves as a *vade-mecum*, and I shall ever keep it as a sacred memento of her and you both. As I gaze upon her image, which art has thus restored to us, I almost fancy that I still hear her voice as I last heard it, when she requested and obtained my likeness to take home with her to Newcastle. That was on the 24th of December, 1851, and the last time I ever had the pleasure of seeing her. That I have found it necessary to sacrifice so much of my time in the far distant wilderness, secluded from friends, as I was during her last visit here, has often been to me a matter of regret.

In alluding to Sarah's last visit here, she thus wrote me a short time afterwards, under date of August 30, '52, (which was the last writing I ever had from her.)

“ I felt disappointed in not seeing you at our late visit, but hope you will take the trouble to visit us this winter. E—— preached at Exeter, when we were there, and seven of the brothers and sisters were present at church. You and Melinda were missing. I could but wish, and sigh that you too might have been with us. * * * A cheerful good bye, SARAH.”

And more especially do I regret having been absent from home during her last illness, and at the time of her death and burial. But the love I had for her during her life, is still cherished in my heart. I can never forget her, nor can I help feeling that her spirit is oftentimes with me, as a celestial guardian and exerting a salutary influence, in checking my wayward thoughts.

I often think of her as she was in the sunny days of childhood. Many of the pastimes in which she, with the younger portion of the family group, used to enjoy their innocent merriment, are still vivid in my recollection. Sarah had naturally a vein of mirthful humor, and sometimes indulged in what I may call sarcastic wit, which, as you well know, would frequently find vent even in mature years. How often, in by-gone days, has the dear creature caused me to writhe, as if under a real flagellation, when I had by some awkward blunder, made myself the butt of her ridicule ! Still everything on her part was done in such a good-natured, merry-making mood, that it was im-

possible to help *joining* with her in the sport, even while suffering under the smart. But she was always affectionate and even-tempered towards her brothers and sisters, and dutiful to her parents and teachers. As a scholar, she was always sedate, and decidedly correct in her deportment. Often have I known the teacher to make allusion to her, as a pattern worthy of imitation by others in the school. Although five years younger than myself, yet she and I for some years, went hand in hand, in committing our lessons for recitation. In the winter of 1821-2, when just entering upon her tenth year, we had only eight weeks schooling in the district; but in that time, she committed to memory eight pages in the first part of Webster's old spelling book, containing the "Analysis of sounds in the English language, the Key, and its explanation," in such a manner as to be able to recite the whole at one lesson, and without being prompted. I recollect in the summer of 1822, that one John Kimball, an itinerant shoe-maker, since deceased, used to call at our house either for social chat, or to improve our "*under-standing*," and would often take Sarah on his knee to hear her recitation, or as he called it, her "sermon;" and when through, he would hold up his hands and exclaim:—"Well there! Sarah will certainly become a preacher!" Now it seems, that although the old man's prophecy was not literally fulfilled, still, as she became the *wife*—or as the saying is—the "*better-half*" of a preacher, it may have been nearer the truth than many of these latter-day prophecies.

She early manifested a love for study, and although we had to walk, at that time, a mile to school, and over a bleak road in winter, still it was seldom that old Boreas could keep her away from the school-room. I have thought that these exposures when young, might have had a tendency to undermine her constitution, and injure her health in after years. I have thus alluded to her earlier school-days. At a subsequent period, you and I both, at different times, had her for a pupil, and know what she was, as such. Her presence in the school-room, instead of being a burden, was always a relief to the teacher. Of the change that was wrought upon her mind by divine grace, you with others, was a witness. Although in the earlier part of her Christian life, she entertained so many fears as to the genuineness of her repentance, and hope in the Saviour, still, no one acquainted with her, as we have been, can doubt that our *loss* is her unspeakable *gain*.

Yours in brotherly affection, NOAH BARKER.

In the preceding pages, any formal analysis of Mrs. C.'s character has been purposely avoided, and her earthly path has been imperfectly traced, with the design of giving a truthful impression of what she *herself* was in her every day life. She had an oppressive consciousness of her own frailties, and the greatest abhorrence of all cant and dissembling, as also of all fulsome eulogy of the living or the dead. She spoke of herself to the last as a "poor unworthy sinner, saved by Christ."

But it is simple justice to her memory to say, that the elements of a strong mind, a keen and sparkling wit, an active, energetic nature, a warm heart and a living piety, gave her a character of positive excellence and force. As a daughter and sister and wife,

it can in truth be said of her, "She hath done what she could." In her conscientious improvement of life for useful purposes, in her industrious and frugal habits, in her efforts for mental culture and growth, in her independence and transparent sincerity of character, in her steadfast adherence to Christian principle, in her prayerful study of the Bible, in her sacred observance of the Sabbath, in her tender solicitude for the souls of her kindred, in her undying love to family and Christian friends, in supreme devotion to her Saviour, in patient endurance of suffering, she has surely left a bright example. And who of her kindred and friends does not pray,

"Let me live as she lived, and die
As she died!"

Not one of us whom she so tenderly loved can forget her! The last tear that moistened her eye, and the last earthly wish her lips whispered, were *for* her friends, for us, in whose hearts she hoped to have a living memorial. "I do not wish my friends to grieve for me, but to be cheerful and speak freely of me, not as one dead, but as one of their number, as a sister and companion in heaven." And the same fond hope of being properly remembered, is touchingly expressed in the following lines which are found copied by her own hand upon one of the last leaves of her journal.

"Oh, need I ask thee, wilt thou then,
Upon the bright and pleasant eve,
Seek out the solitary glen,
To muse beside my lonely grave?
And while fond memory back shall steal,
To scenes and days forever fled;
Oh, let the veil of love conceal,
The frailties of the sleeping dead.

"Wilt thou then kneel beside the sod,
Of her who kneels with thee no more,
And give thy heart anew to God,
Who griefs unnumbered for thee bore?
And while on earth thy feet shall rove,
To scenes of bliss oft raise thine eye,
Where, all absorbed in holy love,
I wait, to hail thee to the skies."

Peace, peace to thy dust, *sainted one* ! Though thou wast the life and charm of our home, and the joy of our heart, we would not call thee from thy Saviour's arms ! Thy work is done for us, and now our work is done for thee. Our prayer for thee is more than answered—may thine be for us—that at last we may, “meet in Heaven.”





